

# Sweetwater Forerunner.

BY FRY & FISHER.

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## TERMS:

THE FORERUNNER IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY  
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No attention paid to orders for the paper unless accompanied by the Cash.

Advertisements will be charged \$1.00 per square of ten lines, or less, for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each continuance. A liberal deduction made to parties who advertise by the year.

Persons sending advertisements should mark the number of times they desire them inserted, or they will be continued until forbid and charged accordingly.

Transient advertisements must be paid for at the time of insertion.

Communications, to secure insertion, must be accompanied by the name of the authors.

The Georgia Senate has confirmed Joseph E. Brown as Chief Justice, by a vote of 26 to 14.

The young men of Montgomery, Alabama, fired a salute in honor of the adjournment and departure of the Legislature.

The editor of the Indiana Bulletin thinks himself a freedman by Andy's last proclamation, and asks that a bureau be placed over him.

The New York Courier states that Robert Lincoln, the son of the late President, is about to run for Congress as a Democrat.

A dispatch from the San Francisco says the Central Pacific railroad is now built to the Humboldt river, 250 miles east of San Francisco. The earnings in July were \$200,000 in gold, the road being operated from 154 to 190 miles during that period.

Andrew Johnson Jr., formerly of Greenville, but a resident of Middle Tennessee since the war, has received the appointment of Special Agent, Post Office Department, for the State of Tennessee, vice Colonel James White, appointed United States Counsel at Matamoros, Mexico.

The Democrats carried Pennsylvania last fall by a small majority, notwithstanding thousands were disfranchised under the pretence that they were "deserters." That law has been set aside since as unconstitutional.

Violet Williamson, late a shining light in the Virginia Convention, has had a true bill found against him for obtaining money under false pretenses.

Samuel Lowery, a respectable and intelligent colored citizen of Nashville announces himself a candidate to represent the State "at large" in the next Congress of the United States.

Of the seventeen Presidents of the United States, only three, John Q. Adams, Wm. H. Harrison and James K. Polk, had middle names. Nor has Horatio Seymour, our next President, a middle name. Hiram U. S. Grant can't win.

All reports from Indiana coincide that the Democrats will carry that State. The drift of events clearly indicate that result. The Terre Haute Journal says:

"There is scarcely a day passes but we hear of changes in this county from Radicalism to Democracy. The like was never known before, and is ominous of the rapid dissolution of the party of the money-kings."

A bill has passed the lower House of the Louisiana Legislature directing the city of New Orleans to immediately collect all outstanding dues in greenbacks, and orders the destruction of all city currency, and plates for printing the same, now in possession of the city. It makes no provisions for the redemption of \$3,500,000 of the city currency now outstanding, which is not receivable for dues to the city. This virtually repudiates it.

Israel Jones, a negro man of Natchez, has been presented by the citizens of that place with a thousand dollar life insurance policy for the constancy and courage he displayed in advocating the Democratic cause during the late canvass.

## Short Paragraphs.

One of our exchanges says a man "blew out his brains after bidding his wife goodbye with a shot-gun."

"Does the dentist kiss you when he pulls your teeth pa?" "No, my son why?" "Oh, nothing; only he kissed me, and she said it took all the ache away; and I guess it did, for she laughed all the way home."

A dog in Portsmouth, a few days ago, stole a lot of sausages from a lady's market basket, and a negro knocked the dog down with a brick and stole the sausages from him.

A Western editor says: Some people spell mosquito with a "u," thus, musquitto. We prefer to spell it with an "o," because we have no "u's" for the insect.

An incorrigible loafer, being taken to task for his laziness, replied: "I tell you gentlemen you are mistaken, I have not a lazy bone in my body, but the fact is, I was born tired."

"How tall are you?" "I stand six feet in my shoes?" "Six feet in your shoes! Why, no man living can stand more nor two feet in his shoes; you might as well say you stood six heads in your hat."

"I'm sitting on the style, Mary?" as the husband sung when he was pickled into for sitting on his wife's apology for a bonnet.

"Do you keep matches?" asked a would be wit of a retail dealer.

"Oh, yes," was the reply.

"Well, then I guess I'll take a trotting match."

The retailer immediately handed him a box of pills.

A young lady school teacher in Indiana was lately endeavoring to impress upon her scholars the terrible effects of the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar. She told them that for seven years he ate grass just like a cow. Just then a small boy asked: "Did he give milk?"

Two persons were once disputing so loudly on the subject of religion, that they awoke a big dog which had been sleeping on the hearth before them, and he forthwith barked most furiously. An old divine present, who had been quietly sipping his tea while the disputes were talking, gave the dog a kick, and exclaimed, "Hold your tongue, you silly brute! you know no more about it than they do."

"Is the sense of smelling more pleasant than the sense of tasting?" was the subject up before a debating club. Skilton was the last to speak upon the negative, and all were anxious to hear him, when, ringing the bell, he ordered a refreshing mint julep, and sipped it off with great gusto. Then turning to his opponents, he handed the glass to the leading disputant, and thundered out, "Now, sir, smell it!" It is needless to add that Skilton "brought down the house," and carried the decision for the negative.

A young fellow whose better half had presented him a pair of bouncing twins, attended church on Sunday. During the discourse, the clergyman looked right at our innocent friend, and said in a tone of thrilling eloquence: "Young man, you have an important responsibility thrust upon you." The newly fledged dad, supposing the preacher alluded to his peculiar home event, considerably startled the audience by exclaiming, "Yes, I have two of them."

A very talkative little girl used often to annoy her mother by making remarks about the visitors that came to the house. On one occasion a gentleman was expected whose nose had been accidentally flattened nearly to his face. The mother cautioned her child particularly to say nothing about this feature. Imagine her consternation when the little one clearly exclaimed:—"Ma, you told me not to say anything about Mr. Smith's nose. Why, he hasn't got any."

An exchange very truly says: "The best argument for short dresses is, they give plain girls a chance. What Nature has denied the face she generally gives to the understanding." And the plain girls are fond of displaying it.

A resident in a certain village, having had sanded sugar sold to him, inserted in the local paper the following: "Notice—I bought of a grocer in this village a quantity of sugar, from which I obtained one pound of sand. If the rascol who cheated me will send to my address seven pounds of good sugar, I will be satisfied; if not, I shall expose him." The following day nine seven-pound packages of sugar were left at his residence from as many different dealers, each supposing himself the one intended.

## A Miscegenation Case.

The Washington Star gives a long account of a suit under difficulties by a white man, clerk in one of the departments, for the hand of a mulatto damsel in that city, his attentions first exciting the animosity and jealousy of colored rivals, and then the suspicions of the mother of the girl as to his honorable intentions, the pains he took to satisfy the parties on the latter score, and lastly, the arrangements for consummating the marriage, when the real difficulties seriously began. Wishing to observe the proprieties, the clerk arranged with a Catholic priest to marry him, but when he brought forth the would-be bride, the clergyman, on seeing her, declined to perform the ceremony, saying he had no authority therefor. The clerk and his intended mulatto bride at length succeeded in having an interview with the Archbishop of the Diocese of Baltimore, during which they requested permission for the proposed match, and were peremptorily refused. They then returned to Washington and found a Methodist minister, who made them man and wife.

## A Tough One.

A Southern paper tells the following Munchausenish story:

Many years ago a settler in Macon started one day on a hunting excursion, and after traveling about half a day, killed a noble bear. He then threw the bear and gun over his shoulder and started homeward. After walking about four miles he became very much fatigued, and concluded to stop and take an hour's rest. He dropped Bruin on the ground, laid his gun by the side of the bear, and retired to a log some fifteen or twenty steps off, and laid him down to sleep. After sleeping about half an hour he awoke, and was startled at finding a ferocious panther between him and his game. What was he to do? He could not get at his gun for the panther. But in the very energy and frenzy of despair, he started to his feet and met the beast in his spring. The hunter ran his arm down down the throat of the panther, through and through him—caught him by the tail—gave it a heavy jerk, and turned the beast wrong side out! If any of our cotemporaries doubt this story, let them tell us so. We've got the papers!

## The President's Position.

The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial telegraphs that paper on the 13th inst. as follows:

There have been so many erroneous publications regarding the President's position in the pending Presidential campaign, that he seems to have thought it necessary to have an authoritative statement made in one of the administration papers, to-day, that he intends to support Seymour and Blair, and it is followed by the assertion that most of the cabinet will sustain the same ticket. It appears to be definitely understood that Messrs. Evarts and Seward will vote for Grant and Colfax.

## \$100 on Michigan.

Yesterday morning two gentlemen while taking a cup of coffee and a sandwich in the eating house of the railroad depot, got into a conversation about the political prospects in Michigan. One insisted that it would go Democratic; the other discredited the statement. The first speaker, by way of attesting his faith in the correctness of the statement, offered to bet one hundred dollars that it would go Democratic. He said he lived in that State and knew what he was talking about. He said that Republicans were leaving the Republican party in hundreds. The man who at first disputed the correctness of the statement was inclined to take the bet, but on a little reflection declined to do so. Massachusetts is the only State Republicans would be safe in betting much money on.—Columbus (Ohio) Statesman.

Jules Favre has mischievously published a petition, praying Louis Philippe to have Louis Napoleon Bonaparte tried and shot as a public nuisance, signed in 1846, by some of the most prominent of the present pillars of the empire. Canrobert is one of them.

A gentleman in Albany was arrested a few days ago for following a lady on the street. He claimed that a man had a right to admire a handsome lady, let him meet her where he might. The court and the lady herself agreed to this, and the gentleman was discharged.

Harlan is going out to California to stamp for Grant. He wants to be as far off as possible, so as to escape being questioned why, in the Senate in 1863, he called Grant a butcher, a drunkard, and a coward.

## A Fair Bargain.

Carondelet looks on the docks, and the docks look on the river, and it came about that nearly a mile from the Marine Docks, southwesterly, there lived a large, sun-browned, honest Irishman, named Dennis Hennessey, whose good nature was perpetual, and whose proverbial wit sparkled and rippled like rare champagne. In the morning his rollicking song went seaward in the arms of the river ripples, and at night they came back to him in dreams of Erin, and of bare-footed nymphs dabbling and splashing lily-wise in the limpid Shannon. Dennis was a Democrat. It did one good to hear him shout for Seymour and Blair, and there were blows of blithe battle asleep in his shillelah when he twirled it in imagination upon the head of an imaginary radical.

By-and-by there came over from New York, a young cousin, Jerry Larrimore, just as big as Dennis, and a bit of a Republican, too, by the way. Dennis received him with that hospitality which is the religion of his race. They talked home-talk long and lovingly. They mixed with the fragrant aroma of their serviceable pipes the grateful incense of steaming punches, and they crowded into the night many dear memories of the past and its pleasures. Then came America, and Missouri, and the wages, and the prospects, and last of all the skeleton of politics stepped out from its closet and hovered over the feast. Jerry spoke up quickly and earnestly for Grant; Dennis said never a word. Jerry bore down a little hard upon Seymour; Dennis frowned ominously and spoke quick then. "Let us go to bed, Jerry; we'll talk all about this to-morrow." A "night-cap," worn as all night-caps should be, capped the dialogue and the cousins retired—Jerry to sleep, Dennis to ponder.

Breakfast was over; the sun was up; the air was balmy and the cousins were in excellent spirits. At length Dennis Hennessey spoke to Jerry fairly: "It gives me great pain to know ye for a Radical, Jerry Larrimore, cousin of mine as ye are, and I have this to say to ye: I will fight ye as fair as any man ever fought, if ye will promise to vote for Seymour and Blair if I whip ye; and I swear to ye by the living poker that I will swallow Grant nagur and all if I get the worst of it." "Illegant," cried Jerry, not a whit set back, "and mind ye, we mustn't get mad, and must shake hands afterwards." "Friends it is, hit or miss," and the two met foot to foot in this singular encounter. The struggle was long, severe and desperate. Jerry handled himself in the most creditable manner and upheld the name of his General with commendable prowess, but the muscles of Dennis hardened by stout work held out longest, until at last Jerry failed to come to time, and yielded smilingly. "It's all right, then?" "Yis, be jabbers, and I would vote for the devil, begorra, before I'd have any more of your blows. Hurrah for Seymour and Blair!" Thus has another good Democratic voter been added to the list for next November, and thus did Dennis Hennessey convert his cousin from this poisonous faith of Radicalism.

## Neither in Life nor in Death.

Neither in life nor in death, should there be the faintest shadow or outline of social equality between white people and negroes. Mark us what we say; and believe that the instinct which prompts this sentiment is the most healthful one we can, under present circumstances, possibly cherish.

On Sunday last, there was a pompous negro funeral in the Baptist Church of this place; the body was carried into and out of the Church, and there was much bell-tolling. This thing has never been done before; nor should it be ever done again.

Very soon we would have to give up our Churches absolutely and literally. There is nothing the negro has such a taste for as death and burial. And if this thing is encouraged, there will be obsequies every day in the year.

To any and all, who may sentimentally say that this appears hard and unchristian in us, we would reply thus: Anything however distantly, that leads to amalgamation between the races which God has so distinctly set apart forever, is a greater sin in His sight than perhaps all others!

[Edgefield (S. C.) Advertiser.

The South Carolina Legislature has passed the bill putting the negroes of the State on an equal footing with the whites. The negro members demand the right at hotel tables, and in all licensed places. Several white Republicans voted against the bill, declaring that on a question of race they must go with their own color.

## The Recent Troubles.

Some six weeks since, a young girl of respectable family in Williamson county, was assaulted and ravished by a negro. He was pursued, arrested and lodged in jail. The brother of the girl, stung with rage and shame at the brutal outrage on his sister, assembled his friends and forcibly seized him from the law, and avenged her wrongs in the blood of her assailant. A short while afterwards, a party of negroes in company with some whites, waylaid young Ezell and killed him. Evidence beyond all doubt having been obtained, that one Bearfield, a white man residing in Franklin, had instigated, hired, and perhaps participated in the murder of Ezell, a party of his friends, some under mask and others without disguise, entered the town on Saturday night last, and in turn killed Bearfield. In the melee, a negro employed by Bearfield, but not known to have been implicated in the assassination of Ezell, was accidentally shot and killed. This, in brief, is the Franklin affair.

The Waynesboro affray is thus told on reliable authority: A body of negroes at an iron furnace, in that region, had, for some time, been openly drilling with arms, and threatening the peace of the community. A company of citizens assembled and went to the furnace for the purpose of remonstrating with the negroes against their course, and if necessary, to disperse them in order to avert the execution of their threats. They found that better counsels had previously prevailed, and no disturbance occurred. On their return, the Sheriff, with a posse, intercepted them, an altercation ensued, the Sheriff firing on the citizens. They pursued, and received a volley from his posse killing three or four and wounding as many.

Senator Welsh, of Florida, has accepted the Presidency of the Iowa Agricultural College, located in Story county, Iowa, and is to enter upon the discharge of the duties pertaining thereto next spring. His term as Senator expires in March next, and he declines a re-election.

## Fastest Time on Record.

The remarkable performance of the pacing horse, Billy Boyce, at Buffalo, lately, surpasses anything known on the turf. The horse beat the time both of Pocahontas, the pacer, and of Dexter, the matchless trotter. The following account of the race between this pacer and Rolla Goldust will be read with interest. The race was for a purse of \$1000.

First Heat—In the first heat the pacer led until half way up the back stretch, when he broke and Rolla went past him. Boyce settled and again came on, but as he was nearing Rolla in the back stretch he broke, and the stallion won in 2.31 1/2.

Second Heat—The pacer acted so badly that his backers became fearful, and those who had bet on fast time endeavored to hedge out. No one looked for the great speed that was shown. At the word the pacer rushed to the front, and, though Goldust was getting over the ground very swiftly, Boyce was faster than he, and in the lower end, fairly settled, he rushed like a locomotive past the quarter in 37 seconds. Up the back stretch he went, and flew past the half in 1.10, the second quarter in 33 seconds. Goldust was no laggard, and with Rockey to ride him was but six lengths behind. The pacer had fairly struck his gait, rounded the upper end, and like a very shadow he came home flying, and went under the wire under a pull, in the unparalleled time of 2.15 1/2; Goldust's time was 2.26 1/2.

Third Heat—Although Goldust made one quarter in 32 1/2 seconds, in the third heat, the pacer rushed into the lower end six lengths ahead, passed the quarter in 33 seconds, went to the half in 1.06, the third quarter in 1.40, and the mile in the great time of 1.14 1/2—or 34 seconds faster than the best pacing time (Pocahontas,) and 3 seconds better than Dexter's record.

Fourth Heat—The fourth heat was equally remarkable. The quarter was made in 34 seconds, the half in 1.08, and the mile in 2.20 1/2.

The excitement created by this record was intense at the course and in the town. Expressions of wonder on the part of the people who saw, and of regret from those who were not there to see, were heard. The horse, Billy Boyce, is seven years old, fifteen hands, three inches high, and in color a bright bay. He has a long, fine body, with limbs of great sinew and muscle. He has a long, sweeping tail, and is as he seems to be, finely bred, being out of a thoroughbred mare, by Coboy. He was raised in Kentucky, and was purchased two years ago by B. Carr, Esq., of Saint Louis, his present owner. The time made by him at Buffalo, over a heavy track, is the greatest achievement on the turf.